

CHARIVARIA.

MR. KEIR HARDIE is still very angry indeed because the KING did not send him an invitation which he would not have accepted; yet some of the other Labour Members not only pocketed their pride and went to the Garden Party, but treated HIS MAJESTY as their equal.

It is, we hear, not unlikely that, if Parliament should render it possible for Scotch cigars to be produced, power will be given to magistrates to sentence little boys to one of them under the Children's Bill.

The fact that on the 27th ult. thirty-four ladies and gentlemen started to swim from Richmond to Blackfriars draws attention once more to the grave scandal of our river being without steamboats.

Now that it has been decided that the garden to the west of the Law Courts is to be built on, the L.C.C. is patting itself on the back for its foresight in securing a large open space for the public in another part of the Strand.

A sentence of six months' imprisonment has been passed at Hereford on a farmer who was found to have stolen nearly 3,000 books. The volumes were all of an elevating character, and the defence was that the prisoner was insane.

We are beaten nowadays in so many fields by our foreign rivals that it is some satisfaction to know that the oldest Englishwoman, who died the other day, was a native of this country.

Says *The Bingville Bugle* (U.S.A.):—"Miss AMELIA TUCKER, the acknowledged belle and reigning queen of Bingville, has announced a croquet party for next Saturday afternoon. The *élite* of Bingville will be present. Crullers and cookies and tea will be served. Miss AMELIA will pour." Suggested motto for Miss TUCKER:—"It never rains but it pours."

Among the crop of rumours concerning the medical statuary in Agar Street there is one to the effect that the nude figures are to be removed across the Strand to the more appropriate Adam Street.

Mr. STEYN and Mr. REITZ, the two ex-Presidents of the late Orange Free



DEFECTIVE ARMING IN THE TERRITORIAL ARMY.

Officer of Yeomanry (to Trooper who has taken up position from which he cannot see at all).
"WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?"

Trooper. "PLEASE, ZUR, I BE A ZENTURY."

Officer. "AND WHAT GOOD DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU ARE?"

Trooper. "MAIN LITTLE, WI' FOWER ROUNDS O' BLANK AND NA SWORD!"

State, have been granted pensions of £1,000 and £500 a year respectively. "Peace hath her victories," etc.

A United States Consular Report cautions American visitors to Europe against the purchase of sham curios. This reminds us that we ourselves were offered an object the other day which the dealer described as an "old antique." Here we evidently have a trade term, and tourists would undoubtedly be well advised to insist on a guarantee that the article they buy is an old antique, and not merely a new-laid one.

Our bright little contemporary, *The Daily News*, informs us in its inimitable way that "Sir ANGUS HOLDEN is a son of the famous octogenarian, Sir ISAAC HOLDEN, the inventor and rival of Lord MASHAM." It is hard indeed when the man whom one has invented becomes one's rival.

Reticent language on the part of

a newspaper is sufficiently rare nowadays to be notable. "The performance of *Rigoletto* at Covent Garden was remarkable," said *The Daily Telegraph*, "for Miss LALLA MIRANDA's excellent impersonation of *Zerlina*." The expression "remarkable" is really scarcely adequate. When a character from *Don Giovanni* coolly appears in *Rigoletto* we think that the cricketing term "Sensational play" would be justifiable.

A happy suggestion comes from an open-air school near Dresden, where an unfortunate scholar sat down on a wasps' nest. It is now probable that, in similar institutions, the cane as a corrective may soon be superseded.

LUNACY IN ENGLAND.

CRITICISM OF THE

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

This heading we cull from *The Pall Mall Gazette*. We think that our contemporary is unduly hard on a body of men who, anyhow, are doing their best.

DO MANAGERS READ PLAYS?

Mr. *Punch* is under an impression that the following letters were intended rather to reach the Editor of *The Daily Mail* than himself, but he has decided to print them, if only as a warning to correspondents to be more careful how they address their communications.

SIR,—As the author of several plays, none of which has hitherto been produced, I have for some time suspected that the managers cannot have read a single MS. I submitted to them. Wishing to satisfy myself on this point, I recently exposed a leading actor-manager (whose name I mercifully refrain from giving) to the following test. I sent him a Three Act Society Comedy entitled *All Sorts*, the first Act of which consisted of the Second Book of Euclid, with the figures and lettering omitted, and the text cut up and assigned to various *dramatis personæ*. The Second Act was extracted from the *Anglo-Portuguese Phrase Book*, while the Third was composed of several pages from last year's Academy Catalogue, arranged in dialogue form.

After waiting three weeks, it was returned to me with all the courtesy of postal registration and a printed notice stating that, after careful consideration, Mr. — regretted that the play I had been kind enough to submit to him was not calculated, in his opinion, to prove suitable to the tastes of his audiences. Which was exactly what he had said of all the plays I had sent him previously. Comment is superfluous!

JUSTUS ET TENAX.

SIR,—I know that Managers do not read plays—at all events, not *my* plays—and I am in a position to prove that this is so. A short time ago, stung to indignation by the specious—I will not say hypocritical—excuses with which a certain Manager (to whom I had the advantage of a letter of introduction from one of the greatest living authorities on Metric Craniology) had rejected several dramatic works on which I had expended both time and thought, I hit upon a plan to expose such insincerity as it deserved. I prepared three Acts in the regulation brown-paper covers, each of which bore the title "Sold!" but contained nothing but blank sheets. These I forwarded to his private address, with a note begging him to read the piece as soon as possible and let me know exactly what he thought. Within three weeks I received an answer which I cannot resist quoting in full. Here it is:—

"Dear Mr. PULLEGG,—I have at last found leisure to look at 'Sold,' and hasten to offer you my sincere congratulations on a work which strikes me as an immense advance on anything of yours which I have yet had the pleasure of seeing. While it possesses all the qualities that distinguished your earlier efforts, it is richer, it seems to me, in incident and character, and more telling in dialogue. I like, too, the manner in which you have contrived to preserve your secret right up to the *dénouement*. The only consideration which prevents me from accepting it for immediate production is that, unfortunately, it is too much in the nature of a 'problem play' to be quite suitable to my theatre. I therefore return it with many thanks for submitting a piece in which, believe me, I see nothing but promise.

Yours very sincerely,

GRANVILLE STUART HARRIMAN."

Perhaps it is a little too bad to pillory him like this—but he has brought it on himself, and will, I trust, have

sufficient sense of humour to smile at the neatness with which he has been entrapped.

WYLIE PULLEGG.

(Author of "Refused a Hearing," "How Long?" "While you Wait," etc., etc.)

SIR,—I see that there is a correspondence in your columns on the question whether Managers are lax or otherwise in reading plays that are submitted to them, so possibly your readers may be interested by a recent experience of my own. As I was doing up a Five-Act Drama, with a view to posting it to a certain brilliant and popular comedy actress, it suddenly occurred to me that I could easily detect whether she had read it all through or not by inserting a dead cockroach (which I procured without difficulty from the kitchen) between the last and penultimate pages. After some months had passed in absolute silence, I thought it advisable to write to the lady once more. At last I received a reply, in which she stated as her reasons for finding the play unsuitable, that the principal character in it was lacking in vitality and too unsympathetic to be popular on the stage. She also objected to the death scene in the last Act as being both "dry and flat." As a matter of fact none of the characters died in any of the Acts, while it is significant that the body of the cockroach was in precisely the same place and position as when I dispatched my MS. I am afraid, Sir, that these facts admit of but one inference!

INDIGNANT PLAYWRIGHT.

F. A.

Answer to Correspondent.

"BRITISH HOSPITALITY."—This appeal for funds for the entertainment of foreign competitors in the Olympic Games is, as you say, a little sudden and hasty, seeing that the authorities must have guessed, several years ago, that somebody was sure to want to come and compete. Still, if I were you, I should invite them to use your half-crown at once, and not put it out at compound interest against the next reception of the kind, sixty years hence. For by that time Mr. HALDANE may have collected all the Territorials he has advertised for, and the Government should have greater leisure for dealing with the more peaceful forms of invasion.

In *The Daily Mail* Signor BONCI instructs aspiring singers as follows:—

"Take a deep breath, extending the diaphragm to its fullest extent; next exhale slowly, pressing from the bottom of the lungs, drawing the diaphragm inwards to commence with and upwards to finish."

A common fault, he complains sadly, is that many beginners will press out the bottom of the lungs *against* the diaphragm. What can you do with people like that? They don't deserve to have a diaphragm at all.

"A deafening shout greeted the spectacle of Mr. Balfour, wearing a hat much too small for him."—*Daily News*, p. 8, col. 4.

"Mr. Balfour borrowed the hat of Mr. Alex Cross. It was too big for him."—*Daily News*, p. 8, col. 1.

A careful editor would have hedged in a leader.

Describing the preparations outside the Town Hall for the Royal visit to Leeds, *The Yorkshire Post* says:—

"The lions on either side will have a setting of Scotch furs."

This must be the result of the agitation against the unclothed Strand statues.



Bernard Partridge.

“PASS ALONG, PLEASE!”

[The Police, after being examined on certain charges before a Royal Commission, have “left the Court without a stain upon their character.”]

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THE TENANTS' BALL.

Groom (apologetically, to daughter of the house). "I'M SORRY I'M DANCIN' SO BAD, MISS; BUT THIS 'ERE FLOOR'S THAT SLIPPY, AN' I AREN'T GOT NO NAILS IN MY BOOTS."

THE PROPOSED NEW RULES OF GOLF.

THE Secretary of the Royal and Ancient and Modern Golf Club has very courteously submitted to us a few amendments to the New Rules of Golf. These amendments remove all possibility of ambiguity or misconception. The first deals with the two octavo volumes containing Rule 27 relating to "casual water."

"If a ball lie or be lost in casual water through the green (whether the ball lie in the casual water or not), or if the water lie or be lost in the green through a casual ball, or if the player's stance interferes with the casual water, then the player may either drop the casual water within two club lengths of the margin of the ball, keeping the green where the margin crossed the ball in a line between himself and the nearest available bunker, or he may drop the bunker either in the hole or any place mentioned above within two casual water lengths from the margin of the ball nearest the casual water where the bunker lay, except as otherwise provided for in these rules. But if, when the player

has dropped the casual water (for dropping casual water see under section xix., sub-section xi.), it lie so as to interfere with the margin of the player, or if the bunker when dropped roll into the ball, or if the stance when dropped interferes with the player's casual bunker, then the player may re-drop the hole two ball-lengths from the casual water and play the bunker from where it lies.

But if it be found impossible to play the casual water from where it has been dropped, then the player shall with respect to

Section xix. Drop the casual water further from the hole than the margin at which the hole entered the spot.

Sections xx. and xxi. Drop either himself or the hole as near the ball as the stance will admit, but no nearer the casual water.

The penalty for breach of this rule shall be disqualification.

Another amendment (to Rule 50) provides an alternative method of dropping a ball.

"A ball shall be dropped in either one of the following two ways:—

(i.) It shall be dropped; or

(ii.) It shall be dropped."

An amendment to Rule 107 ("Playing a moving ball") runs as follows:—

"A player shall not play while his ball is moving (for 'moving ball' see definition 10, k) except in the case of a moving ball (Rule 106), a teed ball (Rule 175), a ball in water (Rule 583, section vi. b), or a ball in casual water in a hazard (Rule 1004). If the ball begin to move immediately it has been played (see Vol. ix., Rule 35, section xi.) he shall incur no penalty for causing it to move, but he shall not be exempt from any penalty he may have incurred under Rule 56 B or Rule 1058 (section iv., footnote), or any other rule."

Finally we have an amendment to Rule 2001 ("Disputes"):

"A dispute shall be settled by an umpire or referee except in the case of

(i.) Player's ball from the tee striking opponent.

(ii.) Player driving into the couple behind.

For the purpose of this rule a niblick shall not be regarded as an Umpire or Referee."

AN OUTSIDER'S HENLEY.

"WHAT does it mean," I asked, "when it says that the coxswain's weight in the programme is the actual weight carried, inclusive of dead weight (if any)?"

"I don't know," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"Oh, but I thought you knew everything."

"Everything except that."

I sighed and returned to my programme.

"There's going to be a race in half an hour," I said. "At least I hope so."

"There was one half an hour ago," said Miss MIDDLETON. "Don't be greedy." She yawned gently and put her sunshade up.

"If I had known," I went on, looking round the enclosure, "that everybody would have been wearing a blue coat and a pink tie, I would have worn them myself. When in Rome—"

"You're all right," said Miss MIDDLETON. "I say, there's a man with an evening paper. Do go and ask him how many HUTCHINGS has made."

"My good girl, this is a regatta. We are surrounded by rowing blues and ninth men; in fact, I suppose that I am the only man here who has never been to Mortlake. And you want me to go up to a perfect stranger, and ask him— Why, it's absurd. Now if it were a question of sliding seats—"

"I should think they'd be glad to get away from shop for a little."

"I don't think they are," I said reflectively. "No, I don't think so. I may be wrong, but I fancy that if on the third day of Henley you went up to a man who was wearing a Cambridge blazer, an Old Etonian tie, Leander socks, and Hall trousers, and talked to him about ice-hockey, I fancy that he would not respond too readily. . . . Or else he would respond too readily."

Miss MIDDLETON got up undecidedly. "If you're frightened, I'll ask him myself," she said.

She walked away a few steps, and then came back and sat down again.

"Bother, I'm frightened too," she said. "It's the heat."

I looked round to see that nobody was listening. Then I leant across to her.

"To tell the truth," I whispered, "I've fairly lost my nerve. There are too many aquatic celebrities about. In a little while I shall begin to regret that I have wasted so

much time playing cricket when I might have been learning to row."

"Oh! hush," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"No, it hasn't quite got to that yet, but very nearly. We must be careful."

"We ought never to have come."

"I think you're right. But now we are here let us be reasonable. From a rowing point of view we are infants compared with all these people, but we may know more about other things."

"Of course we do. Oh for just one moment with a Lacrosse blue."

"How we would clasp him by the hand, and talk to him of bases," I sighed.

"Or even a reserve at chess."

"That we might prattle together about revokes."

"Perhaps it would be better if we went out on to the tow-path for a bit."

"I expect they'd be even more nautical there."

"They couldn't be," said Miss MIDDLETON. "Let's try."

The tow-path was crowded and hot and noisy. Everybody looked hot, but the hottest of them all was a man who was selling extremely small and fragile-looking chairs for one-and-sixpence. "As patronised by Royalty," he told us. Well, they could only have been patronised once each.

"He is a nice man," I said to Miss MIDDLETON, "and I like his face. Moreover he is the first person we have spoken to who never got his blue. Shall we have a chair?"

"Of course we must. . . . Oh, look, here's another man who wasn't a blue. I wonder what made him think of selling penny rows of beads. Do you have to have them when you row?"

"It is a question of taste. Some do and some don't. I think we must have some beads. . . . Only a penny? Thank you."

We pushed along towards the bridge.

"This is much jollier, isn't it?" said Miss MIDDLETON. "I feel we really are doing it in style now. One of those yellow ducks, and I shan't be afraid of anybody."

"A duck is certainly more in our line. . . . We want a yellow duck, please. One - and - sixpence? Oh, that's absurd."

"You can get a real duck for one-and-sixpence," put in Miss MIDDLETON. "One to eat, I mean."

"You can get a chair for one-and-sixpence," I told the man severely,

"or eighteen rows of blue beads. Of course if you *won't* take less—"

"Think of a chair," pleaded Miss MIDDLETON. "How much more comfortable than a yellow duck."

"Think of eighteen rows of blue beads. A whole costume at the Palace."

"It isn't as if we really wanted a yellow duck," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"We could get on quite well without one. In fact we have, so far."

"It isn't as if we really had one-and-sixpence left," I said, suddenly examining my pockets. "Speaking for myself we have only one and threepence and two stamps."

"I've got a shilling."

"In that case," I said to the man, "perhaps we might pay your ruinous and extortionate charge, if you're quite sure he'll waggle his head just as well away from home. Sometimes, you know, with strangers—"

"Why, there's a paper boy," cried Miss MIDDLETON.

"Wait a bit. If we get a paper and a yellow duck, that will leave us with eightpence and two stamps. Now, is there anything we can get with eightpence and two stamps?"

"We could get eight postcards of the course and send off four of them."

"Then we shouldn't have a penny for a pencil, and we couldn't send them off if we hadn't a pencil."

"Well, then, six postcards and another row of beads, and a pencil—"

"That will only leave us with one postcard each. You know we never ought to have bought that chair. Would you," I said to the man, "like to purchase a small chair? As patronised by Royalty. You may have it for one and five pence. Or we would exchange it for a duck, and send you one of the postcards when we get back to London."

"We would, faithfully," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"Or I have another idea. We might—"

"Bang!"

"What's that?" cried Miss MIDDLETON.

"I wonder," I said. "I'll ask the paper boy."

I came back to her with a paper. "Kent, 290 for 2," I said. "Isn't it splendid?"

"Oh, the dears! Did he tell you what the bang was for?"

"Oh—only another race beginning."

"Oh, is that all?" said Miss MIDDLETON.

A. A. M.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Dearest, it would grieve you
Quite a lot
If I were to leave you,
Would it not?

Yet before to-morrow
I must quit,
Though you should through sorrow
Have a fit.

Dear, don't think me merely
Off my head,
This is what I nearly
Went and said.

There was some to spare, too,
On my chest;
Do you think you'd care to
Hear the rest?

Youth will soon forsake us,
(Please forgive!)
Age will overtake us
If we live.

Think of that dark season,
Oh, my heart,
And you'll see the reason
Why we part.

Or, if comprehension's
Rather slow,
Think of Old Age Pensions,
And you'll know.

Now such fears are ended,
(Thank the Powers!)
Soon will quite a splendid
Bliss be ours,

With your crown a week on
Top of mine—
Bliss we dared not seek on
3s. 9d.

AURORA BOREALIANA.

MANY gentlemen who dined sumptuously last Wednesday evening and on their homeward way remarked certain celestial phenomena, were greatly relieved on Thursday morning to read in their newspapers of the Aurora Borealis.

The Aurora Borealis is not frequently seen in this country. As its name implies, it hails from a foreign land. There is only one way of spelling it, but a certain amount of latitude is permitted in the matter of pronunciation.

Like many of our leading actresses, to be seen at its best it should be observed in its home life, which is lived modestly and far from the madding crowd up among the polar bears and the eternal ice and the eternal polar expeditions.

The visit of the Aurora Borealis last week was partly due to compassion for a people sick to death of



Herbert. "HALF-TICKET TO MUGFORD, PLEASE."

Booking Clerk. "WHY, I REMEMBER A MONTH AGO YOU SAID YOU'D BE TWELVE IN A WEEK'S TIME."

Herbert. "O—ER—ER—THAT MUST HAVE BEEN MY TWIN BROTHER. WE'RE EXACTLY ALIKE."

To lawyers and Stock Exchange men needing smart office boy, Herbert's address (he leaves school this term) will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

Woman's Suffrage antics, though its chief object, of course, was to enable Londoners to read *The Evening News* at midnight without the aid of artificial light.

The Anti-Suffrage movement is growing rapidly. A plan of campaign will shortly be completed, and will include some novel forms of demonstration. The more active supporters of the movement are

arranging to attend the meetings of the Suffragists, and to take their babies with them for the purpose of interruption.

The official declaration that members of the Woman's Suffrage Society are never guilty of unladylike conduct has given general satisfaction, indicating as it does that the actual members are much fewer in number than was generally supposed.

DISCURSIONS.

TALK IN A TAXI: A DIALOGUE IN FITS.

SCENE—A Street. He and she are discovered looking for a Tazi-Cab.

He. It's no good waving your parasol when you see they're engaged. You're only—

She. Well, you might do something by way of a change. We shall never get one if we both stand like a block of marble. Here's another.

[A tazi-cab approaches rapidly. She waves her parasol with vigour. In the cab is a fat man wearing a Panama. He blows a kiss in response to the parasol as he is whirled past.]

She. Well, I—!!

He (furious). There you are. That's what comes of it. Perhaps you'll believe me another time.

She. You never told me there was a fat man in the cab, and you never even hinted he was going to— (She pauses).

He. Going to blow you a kiss? No, I didn't; but we'll let the hideous past bury its hideous ones. Of course, he thought from the way you went on that you were recognising him.

She (in a loud tone of tragic solemnity, aside). I must dissemble. (To him) CHARLES, I adjure you by the memory of the happy days we have spent together, by our home and our children, do not let one light act on my part— (She turns away. Sobs choke her utterance.)

He. Oh, you may wave at all the fat men in London if you like. (Another tazi-cab approaches swiftly. He darts forward.) Hi! Hi!

[The cab passes. From within it a resplendent lady in green silk withers him with a look as she flashes by.]

She. I'm afraid it isn't one of your lucky days, dear. But, do tell me, who was that sweet thing in green with the mauve complexion?

He (ignoring the taunt). We shall have to chuck it. Let's take a four-wheeler.

She. Never. A hansom I wouldn't mind.

He. And a hansom I won't have. I'm not a coward really, but I draw the line at hansoms.

[A third tazi-cab suddenly drops from the sky or rises from the bowels of the earth. They both rush at it. It is empty. They engage it, give an address, and enter it.]

He. Got it at last.

She. Yes, my brave husband got it all by his own self. Oh, what an enviable woman I— (In alarm) What is he doing?

[The driver having extended a warning arm, the taxi grunts violently and begins to back. A motor-bus comes to a standstill within an inch of a collision. An exchange of amenities follows between the taxi-driver and the busman. Finally the taxi is turned, grunts again and proceeds.]

He. A pretty near thing that.

She. He's going much too fast. Why, we're half-way up Bond Street already. Oh, oh! Tell me when it's over. (She covers her face with her hands as the taxi skims round a furniture van, dodges a victoria and avoids a Yorkshire terrier by a hair's-breadth.) Are we safe?

He. Don't know. I can't bear to look.

She. Well then I must. (She uncovers her face.) Stop! Stop! He's done it this time. No, we're through. Oh! Let me out.

He. It's no good. We're in for it, and we've got

to go through with it. Oh, dash it, this is beyond a joke. (The taxi swings round a corner. He is precipitated against her. There is a slight crash.) There goes your parasol. I'm awfully sorry. Couldn't help it. He's bound to bag that old woman. No, by Jove, missed her!

She. CHARLES, if I die first, which I shall certainly do in another minute, promise me— (The taxi stops with some suddenness. His hat falls off.) Oh, never mind your hat at such an awful moment. Let's get out quick and run away. (The gears groan again and the taxi goes on.) Thank Heaven, the street's clear for a bit. (A hansom emerges from a side street, but stops just in time.) That was terrible. My mind's giving way..

He. Mine's gone. There are two buses, a brougham and a van ahead of us. If he'll only pick the van, we might— No, we've escaped again. (Wildly.) Where are we? Why don't we get there? Where are we going? (Suddenly they arrive at their destination. They get out hurriedly, pay the man, and enter a shop. Having made their purchases they emerge.)

She (hesitatingly). Shall we take a four-wheeler?

He (with determination). No, not even that. We'll walk. (They do.)

BOMBS FOR WOMEN!

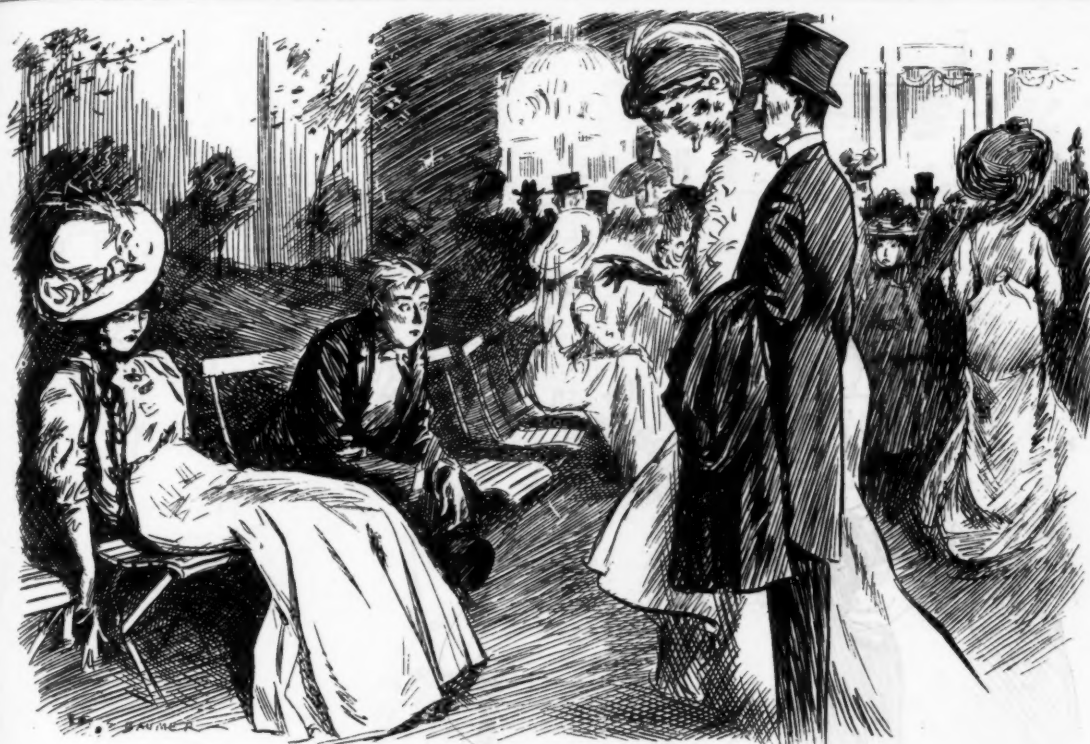
"Is this Russia, or England?" a delightful lady-martyr indignantly inquired last Tuesday on being arrested for merely putting some "good big stones" through Mr. ASQUITH's front-door panes and tripping up a constable—after which she uttered the portentous threat, "it will be bombs next time!"

It is reassuring to learn that, even should the action of the Government unfortunately necessitate a resort to such extreme measures, little or no inconvenience will be occasioned thereby to the general public. The bombs will be hurled with the same perfect good-humour and absence of all personal animus that have characterised all previous demonstrations. They will be so constructed as not to injure any genuine sympathiser with the Cause in the very least, while they will not hurt anybody really seriously, as they will contain nothing but a little picric acid and a few safety pins. There is a suggestion for including *asafetida* in cases where the bomb is intended for delivery within the private residence of a Cabinet Minister; but even this the softer-hearted Suffragists are in favour of tempering with a drop or two of attar-of-roses. In every detail there will be the note of daintiness and good-taste which is so essentially feminine. For instance, the bombs will be manufactured in four Art shades—fawn, pastel-blue, mouse-grey, and old rose, with purple, white, and green ribbon attachment for slinging. A special line of "Dorothy" bomb-bags, in assorted colours and three sizes, to contain three, five, or seven bombs as required, will shortly be put on the market, and should find a ready sale. Of course, if such moderate and dignified measures as these fail to convince the Nation of the justice of the Women's Cause there is no saying what they may not have to do. But, for the present at all events, they are determined to observe the greatest self-restraint, and even such opponents as Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD will be blown up as humanely and inoffensively as possible.

"Peacock and Hen for sale, unrelated, perfect plumage, 1906 chicks."

The Countryside.

Then it's quite time they were related.



EXHIBITION NOTES.

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! MY DEAR CHILD, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"

"OH, ONLY THE SPIRAL RAILWAY, AND THE FLIP-FLAP, AND THE SPIDER'S WEB, AND THE CANADIAN TOBOGGAN, AND—OH—I FORGET THE REST. BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO 'EM ALL AGAIN, AS SOON AS WE FEEL IT WOULD BE SAFE."

TERPSICHOEAN TITTLE-TATTLE.

MISS CALLIRHOE POBBLE, who is to give a series of Maeso-Gothic war dances at the Palladium Music Hall next week, is the daughter of a Patagonian wool-broker who amassed a fortune in the early sixties and lost it a few years later. Miss POBBLE had the misfortune, while dancing before the DALAI LAMA last year, to be afflicted with frost-bite, in consequence of which she lost all her toes. This disaster, fortunately, has had no effect on her saltatory efficiency, which, in the opinion of several Cabinet Ministers, is of the highest order. During her stay in London, Miss POBBLE will be the guest of the Governors of the Bank of England, and has already been invited to lunch by three Bishops, one ex-Premier, two Deans, and seventeen Archdeacons.

Mlle. ALMA PARASANG, the renowned Dalmatian ballerina, who opens at the Pan-Anglican Theatre next week, is no stranger to London, though several years have elapsed since her

last appearance. As the pioneer of the neo-Corybantic school she met with instant recognition, and her art has been profoundly admired by experts of such widely divergent views as Professor HARNACK, the late Admiral JAURÉGUIBERRY, and General KUROPATKIN. During her stay in London Mlle. PARASANG will accept no invitations to lunches or garden parties except from members of the Privy Council.

MISS DORABELLA TITUS, the famous Colorado clog-dancer, has kindly undertaken to read a paper at the forthcoming meeting of the British Association on "How I Exterminated the Beetle in my Native State." It will be remembered that Miss TITUS created a sensation in Constantinople in the year 1903 by appearing at a luncheon party at Yildiz Kiosk in the full uniform of a Hippocampus Major. Miss TITUS, who is a fascinating Albino in private life, is at present staying with Lord and Lady BOOTERTOWN in Cavendish Square.

THE SIGNORINA TERESITA GORDIGIANI has arrived in London to fulfil

a short Terpsichorean engagement on the Terrace of the House of Commons. Apartments have been reserved in the Clock Tower for the illustrious danseuse, who has kindly consented to read a paper at the Church Congress on "What I think of MAUD ALLAN."

"The most valuable bowler is the man who gets his wickets at frequent intervals, because he minimises the time during which the batsman at the other end is scoring runs."

The Morning Post.

This is the kind of truth which Father VAUGHAN may confidently be expected to discover before next season.

"When they were married Mr. Sellars received only 7s. per week and his food, but they managed to bring up a family of seven children with credit."—*Daily News.*

Anybody could do it with sufficient credit.

"Dr. Darwin just lived long enough to receive the admiring tributes of the whale community."—*Manchester Evening News.*

Very slow these Cetaceans to fall into line with the others.



"'TIS NOT IN MORTALS TO COMMAND SUCCESS."

Paterfamilias (who has failed to score in the Half-Term "Fathers' Match"). "THESE THINGS WILL HAPPEN, LITTLE GIRL, NO MATTER HOW WE TRY."

More or less Dutiful Daughter. "WELL, I HOPE YOU'LL SAY THE SAME WHEN YOU GET A VERY BAD REPORT ABOUT ME AT THE END OF THE TERM."

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

[Being the substance of a Society lady's advice to readers of *The Daily Mirror*.]

LADIES, would you lovely be?
Hear, oh, hear my recipe;
Shine resplendent with its aid—
Beauty is not born, but made.

Would you have a skin of silk
Whiter than the morning milk,
Cucumber and lemon too—
These must yield their juice for you.

When upon your couch you lie,
Place a slice on either eye;
Place on cheek and brow and chin
Slices exquisitely thin.

Through the night-time, close at
hand
Let your watchful handmaid stand,
Ever prompt to change the pieces
As their healing coolness ceases.

Nor should bathing be forgot;
But, instead of "cold" and "hot,"

On your taps the words be placed,
"Lemon," "Cucumber" and
"Waste."

All this thought and all this care
Mean incessant mental wear,
Endless planning, few delights,
Strenuous days and strenuous nights.

So, in order that the brain
May not yield beneath the strain,
Once in every week a day
Must in resting pass away.

Rest your limbs and eyes awhile,
Rest, oh, rest the wrinkling smile;
Frowns and crowsfeet come from
thought;
Rest your mind and think of naught.

Hard the life, severe your part;
Yet let this make glad your heart—
If for others thus we slave
Wept and honoured is our grave.

Distressing Family Occurrence.

"A little girl fell and broke her uncle on
Wednesday night."—*Retford News*.

The Manchester Daily Dispatch on the Licensing Bill Demonstration:—

"It was officially estimated that the crowd numbered 100,000... 'The inner man' made a demand on the refreshment rooms for 1,000,000 bottles of mineral waters."

Enthusiasm for the Temperance Cause is all very well, but ten bottles apiece is overdoing it.

"No medicine is of any avail in this complaint. As it is contagious you should not put another bird into the same cage until it has been thoroughly disinfected by baking or boiling."—*Bazaar, Exchange & Mart*.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—After prolonged trial I have found this treatment to be absolutely useless. I have baked three and boiled eight, and they died more quickly than if they had actually caught the disease.—INDIGNANT.

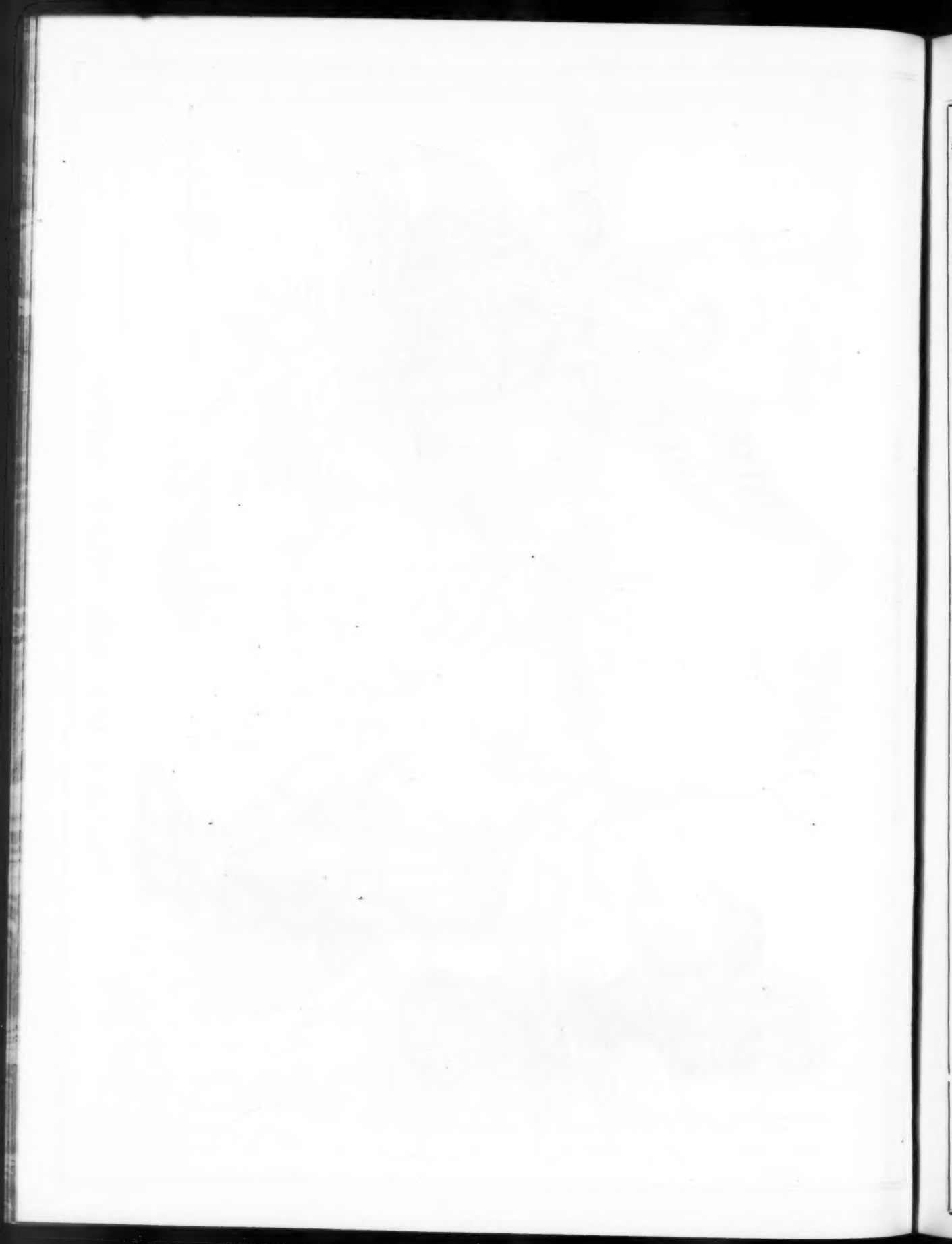
"Artist Charged with Manchester."—*Dundee Evening Telegraph*.

So they've brought it home to somebody at last.



Lily Stoddard Jones

ULYSSES AND THE STEAM SIRENS.



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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 29.—Ireland has a fresh grievance. Every prospect of University Bill passing, and so happily closing controversy that has for half a century hampered higher education. But the strawberries served at tea on the Terrace are small in portion whilst the price is high. To-day Whip of the Nationalist Party, "rising in his place," as the papers say (as if it were his habit to rise in somebody else's), solemnly put Chairman of Kitchen Committee to the question. "What," he asked, "was the market price of strawberries per pound in London last week? what was the price per pound paid by the Kitchen Committee? and what was the price per pound charged by the Kitchen Committee for the same strawberries when doled out at tea on the Terrace?"

With trembling hand JACOBY produced from coat-tail pocket the small hand-glass that serves him for monocle. In solitude of his chamber had prepared written answer to terrible charges involved in interrogation cited. He might have taken refuge in refusal to give particulars. PAT O'BRIEN isn't an Income Tax Commissioner authorised to inquire into trading profits. Why should the Chairman of the Kitchen Com-



Sir Alfred Jacoby (to Mr. P. O'Brien). "Strawberries," my little man? I can let you have strawberries at 8d. per portion (enough for four of your size), including cream and sugar!"



"PATIENCE, URBANITY AND IMPARTIALITY."

(The Rt. Hon. Alfred Emmott, Chairman of Committees.)

mittee be called upon to give up the secrets of that remote chamber?

Scorning anything that might have appearance of evasion or flight, JACOBY had drafted a document making full disclosure of innocent commercial transaction.

Extraordinary incident threatened to prevent its being read. This one of the hottest days of a quite decent summer. Through the open windows a shaft of sunshine fell upon the slim figure of the Kitchen Chairman. It struck full on the hand-glass placed over the manuscript with intent to make its lettering

clear. As JACOBY cleared his throat and looked round at the expectant throng that was eager to see how he would emerge from this difficulty, a curl of light smoke uprose. The sun, playing through the convex glass of the Chairman's eye-opener, was burning the paper. With great presence of mind JACOBY shifted his position; the danger passed before more than one-half of the onlookers perceived it.

"The charge for a portion of strawberries served on the Terrace large enough for two" (JACOBY really meant the portion of strawberries, not the Terrace), "including cream and sugar, is 1s. Or," he added, throwing back his head and regarding the House with proud air of conscious innocence, "sixpence per head. The market price," he continued, "varies according to size and quality. The Kitchen Committee purchase the best selected fruit, as large in the lowest strata as they are on the top. They pay 8d. a pound."

This straightforward and satisfactory. But the Chairman, an old campaigner, kept the best news to the last. "From to-day," he said, or



STORM BREWING.

(The Witches:—Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Stewart Bowles, and Mr. Asquith.)

almost chanted, "the charge of one shilling per portion will be reduced to eightpence."

A wild cheer went up in crowded House. The Chairman of the Kitchen Committee carefully replaced the round hand-glass in his coat-tail pocket, resumed his seat and mopped his brow. The House, its anxieties relieved, its spirits raised in proportion to the lowering of the price per plate of strawberries, forthwith turned its attention to Old Age Pensions Bill.

Business done.—With assistance of Closure, third clause of Bill carried in Committee.

Tuesday.—Curious to note how evil communications corrupt good manners. Outside, a jeering multitude roars with delight as individuals among organised mob of women clamouring for the suffrage dash themselves against the wall of police and are haled off to prison, suddenly serene with the consciousness that their names will be "in the papers." Inside, hour follows hour of dull debate in Committee on Old Age Pen-

sions Bill. At half-past ten Members noted with chaste pleasure the signal for the Closure and so home to bed through the cool air of the summer night.

Suddenly tumult arose; echo of that dying away in the streets. According to rules, when the guillotine is in operation, only amendments put down by the Government after due notice may be dealt with. One submitted just now required verbal alteration. Was it in order to deal with it? SON STEWART BOWLES on his legs said "No." SON AUSTEN, seated with his hat on, agreed. Lord Bob, not inclined to be overlooked in obscurity of back seat, wildly waved his arms and shouted, "Point of Order!" CHAIRMAN insisted that notice had been duly given. Amid the uproar EMMOTT kept his head, and division went forward.

Then someone discovered that door to Opposition Lobby had been locked earlier than that through which trooped the Ministerial horde. And this a so-called free country! SON AUSTEN, having tasted blood (with

his hat on), asked for more. PRINCE ARTHUR suggested that a fresh division should be taken. Shouts arose for "Mr. SPEAKER! Mr. SPEAKER!" In the uproar a shrill but irrelevant cry of "Votes for Women!" came unre-buked through Ladies' Grill.

On division it turned out that Opposition were 31 strong all told. 378 voted for the amendment. Announcement of numbers suggested there would be a rush for cabs. Dash for door accordingly made; tumult subsided as rapidly as it burst forth.

Business done.—Getting on with Old Age Pensions Bill.

Thursday.—Present Government fortunate in a majority which, still faithful, carries all before it. Also happy in volunteered assistance of hon. Members opposite. Difficulty ahead in connection with Licensing Bill lies in allotment of time for discussion of its several stages and its many clauses. Cabinet understood to be considering matter preliminary to placing scheme on paper, as was done in case of Old Age Pensions Bill.

Whilst they meditate ROBERT CECIL acts. Members turning over fresh leaves of Orders of the Day come upon detailed proposals for closing by compartments standing in name of noble lord.

"And what do you think of my plan?" he asked, gazing with parental pride on the entry.

"It is perhaps a little lavish in allotment of time," I said. "Fifty days for Committee is a large order. Did it ever occur to you that your action might have fatal consequences upon prospects of the Bill passing this Session? In due course Ministers will give notice of their intention to put in practice a scheme of Closure. According to strict interpretation of the Standing Order, your resolution appearing on the paper stops the way. It is, in brief, what is called a blocking motion."

"Dear me," murmured Lord Bob, looking genuinely distressed, "you don't mean to say so? What a weary world it is in which an honest desire to help a Government should turn out to be what in blank verse is called a stab in the back."

His poignant emotion touching. Yet he has been in House long enough to know the result of his well-meant interference.

Business done.—Irish votes in Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Members on both sides vie with each other in congratulating DEPUTY SPEAKER on honour done him by bestowal of Privy Councillorship.



Jim (regarding damage done to church by fire). "GOOD JOB IT WASN'T A FACTORY, BILL."
 Bill. "YOU'RE RIGHT, MATE. ONLY ONE MAN PUT OUT OF WORK, AND HE DRAWS HIS MONEY!"

Of all the distinctions at disposal of the SOVEREIGN, this the most enviable. It sufficed PEEL to the end of his life. GLADSTONE, thrice declining an earldom, was content to follow the example set by his great master. It was only under pressure of old age and the influence of fading faculties that the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI descended to the style of EARL BEACONSFIELD.

The Chair of Committees is the most trying post in the House of Commons. Armed with less authority than the SPEAKER, unsustained by the state of canopied chair, the dignity of wig and gown, its occupant has a more difficult part to play. Mr. EMMOTT, coming fresh to the position, a comparatively young Member, has conducted himself with a patience, urbanity and impartiality that have won respect and esteem in both political camps.

Business done.—Private members' finished for session. Henceforward Government have all the time of the House.

ANOTHER PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

MR. ROOSEVELT is to signalise his retirement from office, and consequent liberty to travel, by a great hunting tour in Africa with his eldest son, in search of big game. He is to describe his triumphs in a series of articles in *Collier's Weekly*, for which he will receive the sum of £20,000.

Obviously these articles will not be in the least like those which are printed below, but *Mr Punch* has to fill his pages somehow. Doing that is his big game.

The African Jungle,

April 1, 1909.

We are now right in the thick of the strenuous life, after a very tedious time on board ship, where there is little or nothing to kill. We organised a few rat hunts, it is true, and though some thousands fell to my six-shooter, it is not very exciting sport, nor for big game very good practice; and we had some fun with

a shoal of porpoises that followed the ship, and of which I succeeded in bagging four. NICHOLAS also got an albatross, the wings of which he is sending home for ALICE's new matinée hat; but altogether life was tame.

Now, however, that we are once more on land, and in the exhilarating vicinity of wild beasts, our hearts again begin to beat and our veins to throb.

The photographers are getting their cameras in order, and the reporters sharpening their pencils, and we begin to-morrow in earnest.

Our rifles are, perhaps, worth describing at this point. My own are old and trusted friends, with a few larger and more powerful new weapons for local contingencies. I have, for example, a large bore rifle for elephants, rhinos, and hippos. For the swifter or more elusive game, such as the giraffe or okapi, I have a spaller bored and longer-ranged rifle: For lions a special brand has been built for me. The other

animals we are after, such as hartebeeste and deer, I can manage with my ordinary ordnance. NICHOLAS is also well fixed up with a variety of rifles, and so is my eldest son. The other children have weapons according to their ability—good enough to make a decent hole in God's creatures, any way, if not absolutely deadly.

Camp Cortelyou,
April 2.

We have had a busy and useful day. I selected with great care an open space, where the cameras would have a good view of all of us and where there were easily-climbed trees for the reporters and descriptive writers. The natives were then ordered to drive all the animals they could find past this clearing, so that we might practise upon them and get our eyes in.

We were kept pretty strenuous. I got a mixed bag of hartebeeste, antelope, and other small deer, and the others did fairly well too. I now feel I could hit an elephant.

Camp Pierpont,
April 5.

We have had a rare day. Early in the morning the scouts got on the track of a family of giraffes, and we were quickly hot foot after them. I led, then came my sons, and then NICHOLAS. Much to our disappointment we had to leave the camp-followers behind, as it was not safe to be so many, one journalist and one photographer alone accompanying us.

We had a tiring march of some miles without food, for we feared to lose the quarry if we stopped. At last I glimpsed the gently waving head of the father above the long grass, half a mile off. The wind had changed, and they had given up all thought of danger.

We crept forward on our stomachs for another seven hundred yards; and it was no joke, I can tell you. Talk about the strenuous life! But it was no joke for the giraffes, either, for we got the lot. I picked off the mother, NICHOLAS took the father, and the foal fell to my eldest son. I never saw a boy so happy! Indeed, we all were, for it is not an easy thing to shoot a giraffe; and very soon, I am told, there will be none left.

Camp Washington,
April 10.

NICHOLAS, who has a pretty turn

for rhyme, has written a new version of "Hearts of Oak," with these flattering lines in it:—

It's TEDDY, boys, TEDDY!
He'll fire and he'll slaughter again and again!

So he will.

Independence Camp,
April 20.

An inhuman brute of a lioness with cubs dared to make for one of our party this morning, but we soon settled her. I never saw a body so peppered. It is a great pity, as I wanted to have the skin dressed as a hearthrug for TAFT.

Camp Lafayette,
May 5.

No trace of an okapi yet, but I

okapi at last. Now it matters no longer whether they are extinct or not.

Homeward Bound,
June 4.

Africa has been splendid, and we reckon there can be very little big game left, at any rate in the parts where we have been. Next year we shall move on to India, and try to clear it of tigers.

INSURRECTION IN STOKE NEWINGTON.

PROMPT ACTION OF NOVELISTS.

A GREAT public meeting of British novelists was held in Hyde Park last Saturday to protest against the action of the local authorities and inhabitants of the North London suburb of Stoke Newington. From statistics which have recently been published, it appears that in the public libraries of that district only 16·3 per cent. of the books on the shelves consist of fiction, and that last year there was a decrease of 2·498 per cent. in the number of volumes of this character issued.

Special trains brought a large number of provincial novelists from the railway and other manufacturing fictional districts, and the demonstrators marched in five processions, headed respectively by Mrs. L. T. MEADE, Mr. W. LE QUEUX, Mr. ANDREW LORING, the Baroness ORCZY and Mr. GUY THORNE, from various outlying points to their rendezvous at the eastern end of the Serpentine. A special

feature of the demonstration was the lavish use of banners emblazoned with the names of the most famous modern novelists, including THACKERAY, RANGER GULL, GEORGE ELIOT, ANNIE SWAN, WALTER SCOTT and SILAS K. HOCKING.

Before proceeding with the formal business of the meeting, "Rita," who presided, read a number of communications from sympathisers.

Madame CLARA BUTT wrote "Next to ballads, novels form the most humanising influence at the command of modern civilisation. Please inform your great meeting that I am no relation whatever of the Newington Butts."

Mrs. ELINOR GLYN wired the following terrible threat: "Have at once decided to lay the scene of my next novel in North London."



"HULLO! WHAT'S PUT THE ELEPHANT IN SUCH A VILE TEMPER?"
"WHY, HE'S MAD BECAUSE I WOULDN'T PLAY AT LEAP-FROG WITH HIM!"

have hope. I have never failed hitherto to kill anything I set my heart on, and if there is an okapi left I will get him. The one fear that keeps me awake nights is that the breed will be extinct before I can reach it—is already extinct! What a tragedy! Suppose that that one which the naturalist fellow photographed was the last, and it has died since? A terrible thought. I will get a lion or two to calm my mind.

Lions are all very well, but we feel the want of bears. It is a great defect in Africa that it has no bears.

The jungle is also bad for our photographers, who have often missed me completely as I made the winning shot, owing to scrub and trees.

Later. Triumph! I have got an

The Grand Duke MICHAEL wrote: "My heart and soul are with my afflicted fellow-novelists. To quote the title of my last romance, I bid them 'Never Say Die.'"

"Rita" began by observing that the position of the novelist at the present moment was exceedingly precarious, threatened as they were by the competition of motors, denunciatory preachers and dancers. If the bad example of Stoke Newington were to spread, there would be nothing but old age pensions between them and destitution. She suggested that a deputation of novelists should wait on Mr. ASQUITH without delay to insist on having the proportion of novels in free libraries fixed at a minimum of 50 per cent.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX said that he thought the time had gone by for deputations. Force was the only remedy, and he was glad to be able to inform the meeting that the President of the Republic of San Marino had generously offered to place his entire standing army at the disposal of the novelists of Great Britain, if and when they decided to invade Stoke Newington. Amid loud cheers Mr. LE QUEUX added that he was prepared to take command of the army, which he had known from its youth up. It was one of the most picturesque and compact forces in existence.

The Earl of IDDESLEIGH said that he thought that, with a Government so notoriously amenable to agitation, they could attain their ends without resort to open violence. Mr. ASQUITH had said that he had an open and elastic mind. He (Lord IDDESLEIGH) had calculated that the total population of Stoke Newington was considerably less than the numbers of the novelists of Great Britain. It would be perfectly absurd if they were not able to combine to defeat this outbreak of local obscurantism. (Dissent.)

Mr. HALL CAINE, addressing the meeting from the summit of the Albert Memorial through a megaphone, was understood to observe that the reduction in the number of novels read mattered little if the unfit were eliminated and the public concentrated their attention on works of real genius.

Mr. HEINEMANN, the famous publisher, said that he endorsed *in toto* the remarks which had fallen from the previous speaker.

Mr. W. E. MACGREGOR, who wore a Highland costume, said that the time for action had come, and striking up a brisk march on the



Hedger. "THA'S A GOOD 'UN."

Artist (flattered). "LIKE IT?"

Hedger. "YES, FUST-RATE. PERWENT YER GETTIN' SUNSETRUCK TIME YER SET MESSIN' WI' YER PAINTS!"

pipes led off in the direction of North London, followed by the bulk of the demonstrators.

Later. Order reigns in Stoke Newington. All the public libraries have been taken at the point of the stylograph, and a Provisional Government has been established with Mr. JOHN LONG as President, the Baroness ORCZY as Ministering Angel of War, and Mr. LE QUEUX as President of the Board of Local Colour.

The report of the Royal Commission on the Metropolitan Police declares in explicit terms that the Force is entitled to the confidence of all classes of the community. In spite of this reassurance professional criminals are still showing a regrettable amount of shyness and reticence in the presence of constables.

"A travelling showman was charged with having in his possession after March 15th, a certain wild bird, to wit, an owl."—*Western Morning News*.

"An owl, tu-whoo," would, of course, have been just as bad.

From a Suffragist's letter in *The Daily News*—

"We turn a deaf ear to any other red herring that may be drawn across our path." A deaf nose is more what is wanted.

"'L'Étang,' a lake scene with two pageants in the foreground, was secured at 2,600 guineas."—*The Times*.

Mr. Punch's cartoon with three pageants in the background was to be had for 3d.

"THE TIMES OF TO-MORROW
will contain
TROUT IN THE HIGHLANDS."

But what are we poor Southerners going to do for fish-wrappers?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is an irresistible fascination in *Rose Macleod* (CONSTABLE), by ALICE BROWN, perhaps the most delightful of living American novelists. One of its characters is enough by itself to make the book's reputation. It is that of an adorable old lady (with a grown-up granddaughter) who writes a book of Recollections, treating, with allusive intimacy, of the departed leaders of various movements in her day, and giving passages from their letters and private talk. It creates a vast sensation and she is overwhelmed with requests for further details. To none of these can she reply, because all her "recollections" had been simply faked out of her dear old head, just for joy. Very attractive, too, is *Billy Stark*, her ancient lover, who is for marrying her with one foot in the grave.

By a most unfortunate coincidence (since plagiarism is out of the question) there is in this book a type—the pitilessly immaculate and self-righteous *Electra*—which is almost identical with the *Imogen* of ANNE SEDGWICK's recent novel *Valerie Upton*; and, by the further malice of chance, both entertain an exalted infatuation for a philanthropic impostor. For the rest the characters—and notably the impostor, a superb creation—are astonishingly fresh.

The story's main motive, the love of a woman for the spiritual beauty that shines through a maimed body, is handled with infinite delicacy of feeling and fancy. Indeed I have seldom read a romance in which the author's insight into unseen things is more admirably combined with knowledge of the visible and real. An earlier work, *King's End*, had already shown ALICE BROWN to be possessed of very unusual gifts. But her present book marks a great advance both in ambition and achievement, and she is now assured of the wide popularity which she has long ago deserved.

The Flemings, by JESSIE and CHARLES FIELDING MARSH (SMITH, ELDER), contains a warning to young, struggling artists to be careful whom they marry. *Mary Fleming* was a monopolist, and although she thought that no sacrifice was too great to make for her husband, her jealousy of him was abnormal. The opening scenes of the book, in which the battle of Art versus Income was fought, are most ably written, and it is a pity that this contest was ended by *Roger Fleming* inheriting £20,000 a year. For as soon as he became rich and gave up all thoughts of painting, he ceased to be interesting. As a country squire *Roger* occupied himself mainly in wanting to be a father, while *Mery* disliked the idea of becoming a mother for fear that children might prevent her from monopolising her husband's love. When a refreshingly frank doctor told

her that she was "a sexless woman" she was silent, and presently "the conversation drifted into commonplace channels." "If," muttered the doctor, "those two people are an enigma to a clever man like me, I wonder what they are to one another!" Unfortunately they developed into a kind of riddle which was not worth wondering about or solving.

The authors know the inside of the artistic world, and have described its little cliques and quaintnesses with humour and salience. But *The Flemings* would have been a better book if the question of matrimony had been handled with less insistence.

Sir EVELYN Wood tells once more the deathless story of *The Revolt in Hindustan* (METHUEN). Here it has the advantage of being recorded by one who, at the time a young soldier, rode through the campaign with the

17th Lancers and won the Victoria Cross. The civilian may complain that the narrative is here and there somewhat overloaded with detail. For the military student this will add to its value. Sir EVELYN is studiously uncritical of the powers that were, of their policy and their action. But of the inability of some in high command to read the signs of the times he gives a notable incident. At the punishment parade that preceded the outbreak of mutiny at Meerut, during the many hours while the process of rivetting iron fetters on the ankles of the malcontents went on, 400 British soldiers, mainly recruits, had only blank cartridge to their carbines, though they stood between two Bengal battalions carrying ball ammunition. Similar banalities were counteracted by the generalship of OUDRAM, NICHOLSON, HAVELOCK, the LAWRENCEs and other heroes, supported by the splendid discipline of the rank and file.



OUR DOGS SUFFER VERY MUCH FROM THE HOT PAVEMENTS DURING THE SUMMER, AND THE ABOVE SUGGESTION, WE HOPE, WILL BE ADOPTED BY THE HUMANE.

The plot of *A Case for Compromise* (ALSTON RIVERS) reads to me like a combination of two Hard Cases from *Vanity Fair*. Hard Case No. 1:—Mr. and Mrs. A. are happily married. Enter a rascal, B., who points out that Mrs. A. was and still is his wife. What ought they to do? In Mr. HENRY STACE's book Mrs. A. temporarily solves the problem by declining to live with either of her husbands. She disappears into the void of London, and puts in rather a bad time, till she becomes the owner of a smart hat-shop off Bond Street. Here she is eventually discovered by A. and B. While she is firmly refusing to share the proceeds of the hat-shop with either of them, it turns out that a friend of hers, Mrs. C., was herself the long-lost original wife of B. Now what are they all to do? This is Hard Case No. 2. Mr. STACE's solution is a compromise. "Contrary to all the rules of good melodrama," said Mrs. C., the wag of the party; "I can only call it farce." If you feel curious about the compromise you should read the book, which is good of its kind. I'm not going to give it away.